advancing prow, and the maji log answer each other In responsions

Jo Pir !
Bast Gir !*

as the Jhelum's sweet waters merge into the icy Sind fed by the glaciers of Haramouk, Shiva's Crown.

As evening falls we are nearing Moghul Gunderbal at its foot, Gunderbal where the kingly chenars they planted stand in serried ranks upon the banks, where the clouds hang harp-like upon the moon which lights their bridges, symbolical of their regrets for fair, far Ferghana,

Then the Sind Valley, on the road to Leh.

And the orioles gilding is brighter, and the kingfishers flash more brilliant blue, and the white rose's perfumes are intenser than before, for all knowledge, all wisdom of our time, has passed along this footpath which has led the Light of Asia to the outer world. For does it not lead in physical nearness to the ashramas of those two divine Mahatmas who sent her, that strange old Russian woman, that pro-

foundest enigma of the nineteenth century,

* O Saint! give us an arm !

who